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IN A DAY

A DRAMA

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BY

AUGUSTA WEBSTER

LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & CO., 1 PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1882

280 0 894



IN A DAY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MYRON, *a wealthy Greek.*

KLYDONE, *Myron's slave.*

OLYMNIOS, *Myron's slave, father of Klydone.*

EUPHRANOR, *a fellow-townsmen of Myron.*

RUFUS, *a Roman sub-officer.*

TERTIUS, *a Roman sub-officer.*

LYSIS, *a slave-boy of Myron's.*

IN A DAY.



MORNING.

SCENE I. *A terrace outside Myron's house.*

Enter MYRON

Myr. Are ye, ye golden mists, Night's truant
dreams,
Too late, and lured by Day's betraying kiss?
Or are ye veils wherein the young fair dawn,
Coy of her beauty, hides to show it more?

Voice without sings.

White rose sighed in the morn,
Red rose laughed in the noon,
And 'Sweetest sweetness is ended soon,'
And 'Never heed for the thorn.'

Myr. [*Calls*] Klydone !

Enter KLYDONE.

Hither !

Klyd. But I have my task.

Myr. What task ?

Klyd. To cut away parched leaves, spent blooms.
Thy vases must be cured of yesterday.

Myr. A fretful task, to gather perished sweets,
Task little fit for thee. Nay, put it by ;
Let others take the blighted and the sere,
Cull thou new perfect flowers.

Klyd. That's a man's share.
We women, even they that are not slaves,
Have never leave of life to take but best :
The best sweet flowers, and costing never a care,
Are for the butterflies and choiceful bees
And men like thee.

Myr. But thou shalt share my share,
Choose with me all things lovely and unmarred
That we can reach to feed our lives upon.

Klyd. No.

Myr. Still so resolute. Take thine answer back ;
Say but ' I love thee,' then I'll tell thee more.

Say it : thou canst, and as no music speaks,
Nor other woman's voice.

Klyd. Oh, let that pass.

Would some befriending god had stricken me dumb
Ere the rash words leaped out responsive so.
'Tis long since now : Master, let me forget.

Myr. Beseech not with such pitiful rebuke.
Child, child, thou hast my heart for very toy,
Take all thy will, and love me. Hands for troth.

Klyd. No : and for ever no. Oh, this is base,
To crush with worse than daily cruel blows
One who may ill revolt and cannot fly.
Cease, cease at last. Or do thy hest, cease not,
If 'tis for pastime's sake in torturing me ;
I am thy slave. But never think to move me.
Some rights the law accords me, this I'll hold.
No truth, no love, no service, but a slave's.

Myr. Thou'rt exquisite thus, the fire within thy
cheek—
I'll show thee just the hue when lamp-light comes,
Holding this rose to let the flame shine through—
And now the tender pallor ! Thou fair thing !
If I were cruel I might keep thee so—
Thine eyes thus large with dew thou'lt not let fall,

Lest I should see the tear-drops—keep thee so,
Like a rare picture as thou art, till learned.
But listen, sweet, and smile. This well thou knowest,
I never sought to join thee to my life,
Thee whom my mother taught her nobleness,
Save by that consortship most honourable
Which, where the laws refuse the wife's estate
Counts scarce a lesser rank.

Klyd. Again ! Ah, Myron !

Myr. No, not again : here's new. That law I'll
use

That never yet was used within our town :
First of our citizens I'll wed a slave.

Klyd. That canst thou not.

Myr. A freedwoman I mean.

What, sweet, no word ? Art not at last content ?

Klyd. Thou saidst my thought was past a sane
man's dreams.

Myr. Well, 'tis my waking truth I'm no sane
man,

I'm but a fool in love. Oh, my Klydone,
The madness and the folly would be this,
Not to have paid all price to purchase thee.
The fairest face in the world shall be my wife's,

The softest voice, the tenderest wilful heart.
Come, lift thine head. I knew the smiles were there.
Now say 'I love thee.' Say 'I am thy wife.'

Klyd. Myron, for love's own sake I will not say it ;
Not by a slave's null vows interpret troth.
Forgive me so much : and when, afterwards,
An old grey matron I remember love,
Give me remembering to have been free.

Myr. A dainty tender wish. And thou shalt have
it.

And, sweet, 'twere fit thy father too be freed.

Klyd. 'Twere best. I thank thee for the thought.

Myr. Canst find him ?

Enter OLYMNIOS.

Behold him found ere sought. Olymnios,
Hark. Wilt thou see the wife I have sworn to take ?

Olymn. Then do I see a folly.

Myr. No rare sight ;

Else life were as a clogging windless pool.

Let it be folly ; thou shalt give consent ;

I'll set thee free to do it.

Olymn. Count the forfeit,

And, if to-day thou hold her worth it all,

Look later on : some wearying of thy mood,
Or wrinkles in the hollows where she smiles,
Thou'rt beggared of thy pleasure and its scot.

Myr. Tell me the scot.

Olymn. Repute, men's reverence,
Thy vantage of thy peers, thy kin's good word.

Myr. Is this my strong Olymnios? He whose
wisdom,
More proud than all ambitions, seeks itself,
Godlike, past care of meaner impulses?

Olymn. I speak for thee, whose feet seek pleasant
paths,
And now I find thee, like a heady boy,
Losing the shady lawns to fetch one flower.
That wisdom I would teach thee thou'lt not learn,
To master all by setting all at nought.

Myr. [*interrupts*]. Not I ; I'll take life soft and
loverlike,
So woo the sweetness of it.

Olymn. To what end?

Myr. Enjoyment.

Olymn. That's the hither side of loss.

Myr. Well, by thy rules no loss is worth a fear ;
Nor yet, when come, one wasted hour of sighs.

Olymn. He that has schooled his will heeds ill or good

As dwellers on the shore the change of tides,
Inevitably future, briefly there,
And, counting nought for lasting, knows no loss.
But thou—I travel back to whence thou ledst me—
Thou wilt not choose the lordship of thyself,
And hast thy purpose in delights and grace ;
Thus, as I'd say to one whose part of life
Were basking in the sun, ' A warning, friend,
Take not that corner, there the wind-gust spirts,
The other side's the better basking-place,'
So do I counsel thee by thine own creed.
Be wise in kind, choose nothings of most weight.
Howe'er renowned and rare her beauty be
And potent on thy nice and critic sense,
It cannot make all fairness all thy while ;
And that thou'lt lose, approval and thine ease,
Will be to have lost upon thy garden world
The noon of light that shows its roses red.

Myr. Klydone is my noon : midsummer noon.

Olymn. Thy neighbour Theon has a child as fair,
Of noblest birth, well dowered.

Myr.

Theon's child !

I have seen her—blue-eyed, and the lips well cut,
But a fool's simpler. She and my Klydone !

Olymn. Ismene then, the widow. Is she fair ?

Myr. Past protest, yes—though less than her
repute.

But say she be, and say a dozen else,
All fair, all noblest born, all richest dowered—
Why then, the better for their husbands soon.
Olymnios, this loveliness of hers,
Subtly complete in every line and look,
To me outpasses its own self in this,
That it is hers. Some secret grace she owns,
Some touch divine enhancing womanhood,
Makes her alone, not passing nor surpassed,
Incomparable by others' more or less.
And did a jealous lightning smite her youth
To dwine and parch it, she, amid her ruins,
Wearing that nameless beauty that's herself,
Would still constrain mine eyes by their content.
Let be : thou canst not fit me with a bride.

Klyd. Thou hast heard him, father. I, hadst thou
prevailed,

Would call thy prudence best and bid him use it,
And never would have wept. He should be judge :

Does he need love, or all that thou hast said ?
Does he need one of those high dames, or me ?
Me, me, and love. His heart was in his voice.
Ah, thou 'twixt losses choosest him the great ;
Thy prudence missed an item in the count
That his more justly reckons of—our love.

Olymn. Thou hast woman's deftness, born of
ignorance,
To make thy dreams shrewd reasons. Lovers' love,
The gold of clouds in sun ; then nought, or storms.

Enter EUPHRANOR.

Myr. Lo, here's an answer better to thy mind :
One friend at least whose good approval's worth
That—thou shalt hear. Good day, Euphranor. Wel-
come.

Euphr. Good day, and thanks. How shall I
greet Klydone ?

Myr. Thy coming's apt. Here's this Olymnios—
Thou know'st his crabbed bent—his mind's trans-
formed ;
He that disdains the windy multitude,
That would have no sail rounder for their breaths
Nor but a down-seed move, he that counts fitness,

(Thou hast heard him) 'What the god within thee seeks,'

Says 'Ask but him, the god, then take thy course ;
Let outer wisdoms seem trained linnets' pipes,
Skilled, but no marching measure,' he turns sheep,
Bleats common wont, opinions, friends' good favour,
I must not wed his daughter, fools might frown,
And frowns are——

Olymn. Ill to bear, for humoured babes.

Euphr. Well interrupted.

Myr. Thou ! thou'rt on my side.

Euphr. I say not nay to that.

Voice [without]. Klydone come !

Myr. Then tell him that thyself, hadst thou, as I,
A vivid flawless diamond bathed in mire,
Wouldst lift it, clear it from the unnatural smirch,
And wear thy jewel proudly to the world :
Say thou wouldst wed her, hadst thou one like her,
Hadst thou Klydone.

Olymn. See, he chokes at that.

Voice [without]. Klydone !

Euphr. We are two ; he swayed by love,
And I dispassionate to all womankind.
My mistress is Achaia, and no woman ;

And whom my mother finds, that wary seeks,
Fitting her tests will fit my home as wife.
But Myron is a hawk upon the hand,
And this fair creature holds him.

Voice [without]. Come, Klydone !
Klydone ! Come, Klydone !

Klyd. Tyrannous crone !

Myr. That's my Leucippe ! Pearl of overseers !
She has learnt the watch-dog's bark.

Voice [without]. Klydone ! Heigh !

Myr. Go to her, child ; thou'rt still to-day her ward :
To-morrow she'll obey thee. [*Exit Klydone.*] Well,
say on.

Euphr. Nay, I said all last night.

Myr. To my sole ears.

Olymn. Say it not new for mine, Euphranor.
Words !

What worth are words ? I spake and stirred the air.
Let Myron wed my child, since Myron will.

Myr. But say 'tis well.

Olymn. 'Tis as the end shall be.

Myr. And that I fear not.

Euphr. No, nor I do for him.
We live in days, Olymnios, so much free

That all self-pleasing pleases publickly.
There's nought forbidden but to be a Greek.
What Myron does in this will pass for whim,
Gibed at a day, then envied, then forgot.
He'll have no blur to last. Or, were there blur,
Be sure his gold would gild it decorate.
In that he is safe ; the rest is Heaven's favour :
Which some may someday thank for Myron's wife.

Myr. True, she is full of gracious charities.
She'll have my people's hearts—aye, and my friends'.
Olympnios, loved teacher, though, in sooth,
Too little followed, yet most loved, most honoured,
That long ago I have not made thee freed
Is part my negligence and part thine own,
That didst not ask it : now in a glad hour
Do I declare thee thine enfranchisement.

Olymn. 'Tis seemlier, doubtless, though but seem-
ing's in it ;
The child called free should not by natural bonds
Be bred to obey the father called a slave.
Enfranchise me.

Myr. 'Tis well we're of one mind.
Next, prithee see my lawyer instantly ;
Advise with him, and— Nay, this once, I doubt,

I'm needed partner with your prudences :
I'll dower Klydone to my full content,
And you'd be niggards. Bid him come ere supper.
And bid him come prepared to make prompt work:
I'll wed to-morrow.

Olymn. Thou hast papers for him.
Thou knowst—I was to take them back this morn,
And thy reply for the purchasing the tax.
I'll carry them.

Myr. No matter for them now.

Olymn. Such matter as though thou wert ten years
wed :

To thee, too rich, more useless opulence ;
To him, being poor, the right-hand help, his time ;
To me my word. This is the day I told him.

Myr. Well, well, I'll find them ere he come.

Olymn. They're nigh :
Within there, in thy desk.

Myr. Not signed.

Olymn. I have time.

Myr. And I not time enough to let thee lose it.
I'll find thy papers. [*Exit Myron.*]

Euphr. Good sooth, I stand amazed.
Canst thou cloke joy so well, Olymnios ?

I marked thee ; never a sign in lip or eyes ;
Dumb, yes, as though he gave some trivial due,
The pittance of a slave. Man, thou art free.

Olymn. I *am* free. Is that news ?

Euphr. Such news, methinks,

As, wert thou moment mad at hearing it,
Thine age austere rapt into giddy bliss,
Like new hatched dragon-flies amazed at wings,
I less should wonder than now seeing thee.
Or art thou stunned by suddenness of the boon ?

Olymn. Merely I do not see the boon as thou.

Nought has been added me, nought is removed.

Euphr. Nought changed, nought added ! What !
wast thou content ?

Olymn. Even as I am.

Euphr. Content ! Art less than man ?

Or, being a god, indifferent to shame ?

Thou wast a slave.

Olymn. What is a slave, Euphranor ?

I, since my manhood, never was but free :
More free than Myron ; maybe more than thou.
I am the master of my will ; I rule :
He but obeys himself and all desires.
Each who incarnates his desire controls him ;

Ease, splendours, graciousness, the eye's delights,
Now love—and that's Klydone, called his slave,
Who schools him with a look, and he kneels to her,
I tell thee none can make me slave or free,
None save myself. Freedom is of the soul :
Bind my mere body, torture me, compel,
Yet am I free, and 'tis but God can reach me,

Euphr. Thou dost obey and serve.

Olymn.

As free men do ;

Save they be rich, or parasite like dogs.
To-morrow when my name is changed, for form,
From slave to freeman, I shall serve the same :
And serve with the same honouring of myself.

Euphr. Thou art stone.

Olymn.

We do but talk of shallow words:

Slave, freeman, noble, low-born, emperor, fag,
All these are names for man.

Euphr.

A high pitched creed !

And, being too high, falls basely, like a kite.
But 'tis not thus that thou hast taught Klydone :
She has staked all for freedom.

Olymn.

Has she won it ?

I never heard a wife possessed herself.
No, no ; Klydone has the woman's lot.

To be for some man's sake, that is their being :
To think by some man's thinking, that their reason.
I teach not women. See this tendrilled plant,
It bears its natural flowers, it makes some shade ;
If I should prune it, if I grafted in fruit,
Or even did but bud on worthier flowers,
'Twould from the tending take but strange disease,
Or else, defying, keep its pliant kind.
My daughter's not my scholar.

Euphr.

Myron was.

And that's the strangest.

Olymn.

Yes, I have taught in vain.

Euphr. He basks on roses.

Olymn.

Life is his ill nurse ;

Too lavish of sweet cloyings.

Re-enter MYRON.

Myr.

What's amiss ?

I bask on roses ? 'Tis a sage's part.
If roses strew for me a balmy couch,
Must I go add the thorns, lest it be soft ?
Here are thy papers, my Olymnios.

Olymn. I go then. 'Tis full time.

[*Exit Olymnios.*

Myr. Now give me joy.

Euphr. With my whole heart. But, the time
serves for secrets,

We are alone Tell me thine answer. Yes?

Myr. My answer? Oh, thy big conspiracy.

I had forgotten. No, friend, I cannot plot.

Euphr. Thou hast not well considered.

Myr. But I have.

Nay, I am sorry. I gave weight to all,

All that thou didst so obstinately plead,

And still I think thou hast lived an age too late.

Achaia, 'tis a dream of chronicles ;

The picture of our grandame's blossoming,

Who shrivelled and was buried ere our birth.

Achaia's dead : the world knows only Rome.

Euphr. How are we governed?

Myr. By ourselves 'twere worse,

Being the selves we are. Why, man alive,

Name me a ten, a half ten in our town,

Thou'dst trust to rule one street.

Euphr. We know them not ;

Nor they themselves—since how should they be
proved?

These marble stones we tread bind down the earth ;

Is the earth therefore barren in itself?
Remove the check, till it ; would it not yield ?
Here, where a crack has given it sun and rain,
It answers, with its wind-tossed seedlings, ' Aye.'
I know some men that show me such a sign :
Thyself for one.

Myr. Is this a bribe, my friend ?

Euphr. I cannot jest on this.

Myr. Take earnest, then.

I hold thy plot—I care not what it is,
And will not know ; but any plot, I say,
Since any plot against Rome's power must fail—
A wanton prelude to a thousand crimes,
Crimes in its furthering, worse to punish it,
Therefore itself a crime comprising all.
I know 'tis vain to counsel thee in this,
Yet, for our friendship's sake, let me speak on,
And——

Euphr. [interrupts]. Nay, my friend, this is not
new to-day :

I have remembered all. My path is hard :
Whither it leads I know not, save by hope ;
But the God that teaches right wills it for mine.

Myr. Olymnios. Heigh !

Voice. [*from below*]. I hear.

Myr. Wait, I'll come down.

I have forgotten a message. Wilt thou come—

He's but half down the hill—or wait we here?

Euphr. I'll come. Klydone has a message too :

I see her running whither her father waits.

Myr. Belike to ask the issue of our council.

[*Exeunt Myron and Euphranor.*]

MORNING.

SCENE II. *The same.**Enter KLYDONE, singing.*

Klyd. Once a sea-nymph loved a boy :
 He and she they loved so well.
 ‘Oh the foamy billows’ joy !
 Oh the rippling in the sun !
 Oh the round waves, one by one,
 Swaying, swaying, swaying,
 To and fro.
 Oh my pearl and coral cell,
 And the long weeds playing, \)
 While the surges come and go,
 Come and go.’

Boy and nymph were hand in hand :
 He and she they had much love.
 ‘Oh the green and ripening land !
 Oh the lime-scent in the trees !
 Oh the languor of the breeze,

Wooring, wooing, wooing,
 Light and low !
 Oh the twilight in my grove,
And the cushats cooing ;
 While the brook steals soft and slow,
 Soft and slow.'

Love, that heard them, laughed aloud,
 Took them to the side of him.
Was it land or leafy cloud ?
Was it billowy cloud or sea ?
 'Twas the home that eyes, kissed dim,
Look on as they'd have it be.

Oh Myron, oh my darling, oh my love !
My love ! My one delight in happy earth,
One meaning of all other things I love ;
My amulet wherein my life is bound ;
My star of fate. What star ? The irradiate sun ;
By whom all thoughts of mine spring into birth,
And grow to him, and turn their flowers to him.
My soul ; my counterpart of Them in heaven ;
My Myron !

 Wife, to-morrow ! to-morrow, wife !
Myron's all-honoured wife ; he'll call me that !
And there are some in the world sorrowful !
Belike in the very houses there below,

Some sorrowful ! It seems impossible.
Oh joy ! joy ! joy ! I am half hurt with joy.

[*Sings*]

Joy that's half too keen, and true,
Make us tears.
Oh the sweetness of the tears !
If such joy at hand——

Enter EUPHRANOR.

Euphr. I heard sweet carolling of a bird uncaged ;
It called me hither.

Klyd. Where is Myron gone ?

Euphr. I left him at the gate ; still with thy father
And I am glad to have left him and found thee.
I have some words for thee.

Klyd. I guess not what.

Euphr. Myron has told thy tale : I reverence
thee :

Thou hast the tenderest woman's heart for love,
The man's for honour. Make his destiny—
Thou canst. Uplift him to be liker thee.
Let it be written in our chronicles
'She, slave-born, taught that Myron liberty
Who taught it to our fathers : she, Klydone ;

The mother of our freedom.'

Klyd.

How were that ?

Euphr. If there were those who, all the soundings
made,

The shallows and the sunken rocks all mapped,

Tell him there's channel way for the good fleet,

Wilt thou not bid him sail ?

Klyd.

I bid him! Wherefore ?

Euphr. For freedom's love.

Klyd.

A wife's care is her husband.

Buy you your freedom with less precious lives ;

His none of you shall risk, if he hear me.

I tell thee, tempt him not. Freedom, thou sayest ;

Why wherein is he plagued ? The Roman rules :

What then ? Has he ambitious jealousies ?

Or, lordly as he is and rich past count,

Needs he, for self assurance that he's somewhat,

The stamp of outward office, spokesman's powers ;

To be his townsmen's choice like fifty more,

And share the snippets of authority ?

He is more than all thy plots can make a man.

Euphr. Aliens prescribe him laws.

Klyd.

And what his fret ?

Good laws will serve, whoever uttered them,

And ill laws pinch, howe'er home-made they be.
It seems to me whoever make the laws
Are somehow alien to the general folk ;
No matter be their birth-place far or near.

Euphr. How sayst thou that ?

Klyd. Not of their blood, I mean.
They're their own kin, none else's, all who rule :
Else why are laws so cruel save to them ?
And why are there born slaves ?

Euphr. We'll change the laws,
If they be cruel laws; and thou shalt help.

Klyd. They hurt not him, nor me. And, as for
change,
Knowst thou a heaven-made code ? And, were
there such,

'Twould fit the world too ill to last a year.
Change; that means turmoils, feuds, betrayals, blood;
The wife a-shiver when her husband's forth,
Lest he be brought her dead, or never come.

Euphr. Even all thou sayst, if 'twere indeed to be,
Were not, Klydone, an unlawful price ;
Not past our duties. Is it past thy strength ?

Klyd. A price for what ? Thy dreams, Euphranor,
dreams.

I have sat and heard thee talk of ended days,
Of rights that were; and whereto did they serve?
Were men more happy? Had their corn more
ears?

I think 'twas all as now, save oftener battles.
I have smiled to think how foolish men can be
For want of our poor woman's sense of Now.
We take what is and do our best on that :
But you great fretful men look here and there ;
Something that was or shall be, that's your world.
And thine's a past that, maybe, never was :
A future most impossible.

Euphr. 'Twill be.

Klyd. And what will be?

Euphr. The past that died immortal,
The Phœnix from the ashes, Liberty;
Achaia. Dost thou smile indeed, Klydone?

Klyd. I could not help it, thou'rt so petulant.

Euphr. Nay, be thyself, thou with the free-born
soul,

Who hadst at stake a woman's dearest hopes,
And couldst lose these, but not know joy, a slave.

Klyd. Build no more hope on that; thou readst
me ill.

Know I would liefer still be Myron's slave
Than empress of the world and not his love.
And, if I would not be espoused his fere,
'Tis too that I would liefer be his slave,
A lowly girl to do him servile tasks,
Than spouse yet not as someone held more worth,
Less than some other woman could have been.
I must be all to him; not all that is,
But all that could have been; the most, the highest.
Oh ! rather make me grovel with his dogs
Than be beside him less than—How I talk !
Thou seest, the wife's full fere-dom, that it was.

Euphr. Doubtless. Yet also not to be a slave.

Klyd. That's pleasant too. A man must count it
much,

Or one not gently used. 'Tis less to me.
I do but change my bonds in name not strength—
In honour too : I shall be Myron's wife

Euphr. This is not one to call him out of sloth,
To give him to his country.

Klyd. No, indeed.

One that, if he be in her gift, will keep him.
Smooth thy vexed brow, Euphranor : let me cheer
thee.

I'll prophesy thee just thy perfect wife,
Prepared to brew thy hemlock and love Greece.

Myron. [*without*]. Art there, Euphranor ?

Euphr. Myron. Shall we meet him ?
I should be wending homewards.

Enter MYRON.

Myr. Going, friend ?

Euphr. I'll come ere sunset.

Myr. That must thou indeed.

'Tis feast to-night, Klydone's freedom feast :

The promise eve for happier to-morrow.

Euphr. So soon the wedding ?

Myr. Nothing needs delay.

Bad's best soon ended : good's best soon begun ;

So mine begins to-morrow. Order's taken.

I have sent two fellows flying to bid guests,

Klydone, shall we see him through the grove ?

'Tis early still, and pleasant in the shade.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

AFTERNOON

SCENE I. *An open inner court with a fountain and statues among flowering shrubs ; its portico overlooking the bay and town.*

Enter EUPHRANOR hastily.

Euphr. Wake, Myron, Myron.

Myr. What ?

Euphr. Awake, I say.

Myr. Euphranor ! 'Tis but noon, I think.

Euphr. Not later.

Thou art in danger.

Myr. I !

Euphr. In sooth thou art.

Lysias is taken.

Myr. Whither ?

Euphr.

Why, to prison.

The fool was always spinning useless webs,
That never trapped but those that span with him:
Our rulers let him be, he caught them prey.
No such good net as fools' conspiracies.
This time thou'rt in the meshes.

Myr.

I ! And how ?

Euphr. Thy name's found on his lists.*Myr.*

How got it there ?

I change the fellow scarce ten words a month.
'Tis a dull bleater of used rhetorics,
And I eschew him. Plot ! Can Lysias plot ?
He'd have to hold his tongue.

Euphr.

He can make schemes,

Set them on paper, roll them in his mouth,
Blow the high mystery to a bladder puff,
Out on such heady idiots, mad with self !
'Strut forth, drive arrows into vaulted air :
Strut forth, mow horsemen down with prickles-thorns.
The cause is in your hands : you are heroes, sirs.
The cause is lost : you are heroes all the more.'
And so die grave men's hopes of fools' impatience.
Lysias has robbed us of the work of years.
Our grain was in the ear : 'tis trodden, strewed !
Oh, my Achaia !

Myr. Nay, take heart, Euphranor.

Reflect how ever in the world's true tale

Lost hopes left seed for better. What thou hast
done,

Since it was nobly meant, must bear good fruit ;

Though not as thou hast meant it.

Euphr. May it be.

But now, what shouldst thou do ?

Myr. And what shouldst thou ?

Euphr. We need but think of thee, I am not
touched :

I was not mixed in this, nor am accused.

Myr. And I am. 'Tis most strange ! My name
on his lists !

Euphr. 'Tis but too sure. I know by secret hand.

His lists, belike, bear those he meant to win.

Myr. But I, thou know'st it well, am of all men
Least likely to go partner in such work.

Euphr. He has made note of two not likelier,
Almost as wealthy ; Diocles and Pellen :
His notes but mean his wishes.

Myr. So I'll plead,

And easily establish.

Euphr. Dost thou think it ?

There's that will counter all that thou canst plead.

Myr. What's that ?

Euphr. The same that brings thee on these lists,
The same that makes thee all hopes' pursebearer ;
Thy wealth. 'Twill chink in our proconsul's ears.

Myr. Lavinius! Why we're cronies, friends from
sight.

See, here's a merry word he has sent e'en now
Note him to-morrow at my wedding feast.
Lavinius hates me not.

Euphr. He hates thee not.

He nearer loves thee : that's he loves thy talk,
Thy fellow tastes with his for Grace and Good,
Thy banquets, and the manner of thy smiles.
He'd miss thee. But he has his kind's disease ;
The ravenous never-sated money-hunger :
And now he is but newly at the meal,
Fed to the whetting point of appetite.
There is no life, were it his closest brother,
His most prized latest mistress, he'd not spend,
If forfeitry like thine could be its change.

Myr. Dost think it ?

Euphr. Whom hast thou yet known him save ?

At what poor wretch's pangs be pity-wan ?
And, tell me, hast thou known his hand unclasp,
For the orphan's sake, on any dead man's spoil ?

Myr. Call him more sharp-set than a winter wolf,
He cannot reach me. Lysias had a plot :
I scarce know Lysias, never heard his plot.
My name's upon his list : what proof's in that ?
He could write down Lavinius or the moon.
What could they do on that ?

Euphr. Find witnesses.

Myr. That can they not.

Euphr. Some witness costs small hire.

Myr. I have no enemy.

Euphr. I know thou hast not ;

I spoke of common hirelings, windmill tools,
That take the pay and grind what grist they're given.
They pity not nor hate it : 'tis their task.

Myr. Aye, but the knaves would ne'er grind grist
of me ;

They prize whole bones and leave to tread the streets.

Euphr. Thou'rt right, thou'rt right ; my fears for-
got that surety.

Aye, for a petty villain 'twere too bold :

The mob would hale him. Yes, thou'rt too well
loved ;

There'll be no witnesses for such a hire.

There's nought thou know'st of, quips at laws or liege,
Old patriot wine-songs, supper-talk sedition,
Nought where a spy could harm with ' Myron joined '
Or ' Myron heard and has not brought a charge ' ?

Myr. Nought.

Euphr. Papers ? books ?

Myr. Nought, nought.

Euphr. It should run smooth.

No knot to make a ravel in ill hands.

Beware of flight : for flight's impossible :

There are spies and watches set on every road ;

Exit were but avowal, and thy sentence.

Myr. And, were my case more grave, and could
I fly,

I'd be no exile. If I love my life,

As I do love it, 'tis for its fair gifts ;

If life snatch these away, why then I hate her.

Death none need hate that loves his sleep o' nights.

Enter KLYDONE.

Klyd. Didst thou not call me, Myron ?

Myr. No, dear child.

Klyd. Passing, I heard thy voice. Sure thou
didst name me ?

Myr. Thou heardst my heart then, not my tongue.

Klyd. See here ;

All on one spray, and all just nearly blown ;

The exquisite age for roses.

Myr. And what tints !

Look where this sea-shell pink melts into white !

Not wan hard white, but like a woman's hand.

But art thou summer's self, Klydone-faced,

Who comes not save with flowers ?

Klyd. These are for garlands.

We need them for to-night.

Myr. And next, to-morrow,

One garland that I think thou'lt cull thyself,

However for the others.

Klyd. Aye, indeed :

The bride's own hands must choose her bridal
flowers,

Else 'twere too ill an omen. And yet why ?

Methinks each should have culled the other's
wreath,

In sign of flowers that, in their livelong hearts,
Shall be because the other put them there.

Myr. That thought's too sweet an omen to let
slip :

We'll do it.

Klyd. No. Oh Myron, tempt not fate.
But I may cull thee thine.

Euphr. Prithee, go do it.
Nay, pardon me, I meant not to speak roughly.
But, in kind truth, Klydone, leave us now :
I have a word for Myron's instant ear.

Klyd. See, I am gone. [*Exit Klydone.*]

Euphr. Now, hast thou thought of aught ?

Myr. Yes, of Klydone's roses, of herself.
What should I think of fitter for the hour ?
My ship in a smooth channel has touched sands ;
Whether to strand, an hour of tide will show ;
Waiting's my work on hand. Then let me do it.

Euphr. Thy ship, didst say ? Small leaks begin
big wrecks :
And thy ship has a prick-hole in the bilge ;
Look to the caulking. Say we went now forth,
And——

Re-enter KLYDONE.

Klyd. Soldiers are coming hitherward through the
grove.

Euphranor !

Enter OLYMNIOS.

Olymn. Hear in haste. There's news.

Myr. I know.

Olymn. The guard's at hand to take thee.

Klyd. Him !

Myr. How far ?

Olymn. Five minutes. They keep covert through
the grove.

I took the hill, and gained that much.

Myr. So pale ?

No fear, Klydone, sweet. 'Tis such a charge !

I'll tell it thee anon and make thee laugh.

Friends, I'll forestall accusal. Thou, Olymnios,

Follow, and, when I'm forth the hill-side door,

Clamp it and hide the key among the bays.

I'll on before them, free, to claim my trial.

Euphr. 'Tis the politic way.

Olymn. 'Tis best.

Myr.

She's stunned.

Farewell two hours, Klydone.

Klyd.

Yes ; oh, hasten.

Euphr. I'll with thee to the judge : 'twill harm
thee nought,

For I am clear of taint, and may chance help.

[*Exeunt Myron, Euphranor, and Olymnios.*]

Klyd. All gods in Heaven, if ye do look on men,
If ye do in your bliss give thought for ours,
If ye can pity us, if ye will help—
Nay, for I know ye do, 'tis in my heart.
Ye gods that mock the tired philosophers,
That veil from their bold eyes and feign to sleep,
Ye do keep watch for lowly ones that trust you.
Keep watch for me, oh merciful strong friends,
Keep me my Myron safe. He is so good,
He is as ye would have us, he helps all ;
He cannot look on foul or evil things,
He cannot look on sorrow till it smiles ;
So with his lavish hand he scatters good ;
So, like the sun, like ye, he, effortless,
Makes brightness, and leaves blossoming in his track.
He should not have known vexing. Now I fear.
He is safe being innocent, being not afraid :

But, when, in stillness of the blue-domed air,
There comes one first small cloud, 'tis for a sign.
Let it not be. No storm, dear gods, no storm.
Hear me, for I am loyal, for I worship :
Hear me. And thou, the eternal wife divine,
Hera, the crowned and wed, to thee I vow,
If thou wilt——

Enter RUFUS and Guards.

Ruf. Where's thy master, girl? Not here?
They told me he was here.

Klyd. Whom seekest thou?
And wherefore this rude entrance? Are ye madmen?

Ruf. When did he fly? I know it was last night.

Klyd. Ah, now I am set riddling? Who has fled?

Ruf. No paltering. Where is Myron?

Klyd. You need Myron?
I will go seek him. [*goes.*

Ruf. That way? No.

Klyd. And why not?

Ruf. Thou know'st that way we entered.

Klyd. Then try this :
'Tis to the sleeping chambers.

Ruf. Tertius, search.

Take these four men. The girl quits not this spot ,
'Tis plain she has some purpose.

[Exeunt Tertius and four soldiers.]

Klyd.

Let me pass.

Ruf. Not half a foot. Come back. Ah ! wouldst
thou warn him ?

Stay here ; they'll waken him without thy help.

Ah ! what ! The other way again ! Stand there !

Klyd. Why must I stay ?

Ruf.

Thou'rt bidden. Still ! I say.

Or ware my fist. And, whither goes this path ?

Klyd. Straight to the town. Bidden ! Who dares
bid me ?

Ruf. Most folk I fancy. Art thou not a slave ?

Klyd. Is Myron's bride a slave ?

Ruf.

Not if he have one.

What's this of brides ? Here's news that may tell
more.

Who is his bride ?

Klyd.

To-morrow ask.

Ruf.

Tell now.

Come, pretty damsel, secrets are like coins ;
Locked up they purchase nought ; their worth's when
passed.

Ruf. What's that thou say'st ?

Olymn. A truth ; that thou art wise.

Ruf. No talk. [*Calls.*] Here, Tertius ! Tertius !

Lying girl,

Thou saidst he was within there. On thy knees.

I'll let thee live if 'twas by ignorance.

Say, didst thou know him gone and whither gone ?

Klyd. I do not kneel. I ask thee not for life.

I knew him gone and whither. If I kept thee,

'Twas to make all thy greedy chase too late.

Ruf. Then——

Klyd. Tush ! Leave threats. Thou darest
not murder me :

Here are too many eyes.

Re-enter TERTIUS.

Ter. We have searched in vain.

Ruf. I know, I know. He has tricked us.

Tert. Fled !

Ruf. No. Worse :

Gone to claim trial.

Tert. That but saves our pains.

Ruf. No, no, thou dolt. He goes with a high
head ;

' Guiltless ; here's free surrender for my proof.
And where,' says he, ' are counter-witnesses ' ?
Snatches his trial ere we have made the case.
We are cheated of him. Best go hang ourselves ;
Lavinius may twice hang us.

Tert. Hush ! speak lower.

Ruf. What matter ? they are slaves.

Tert. Are we too late ?

Can we not try a hunt ?

Ruf. Why, so we should.

Come, men ; come on. Full speed. A race to run !
And yet I know we are too late. Come on.

[*Exeunt Tertius and soldiers.*]

Klyd. Aye, speed you on. Stay, Sir ; first take
this gold.

Ruf. The gold ? Aye give it, cozener. Yet—
Hark this ;

I'll give it thee, thrice this ; thee too, old man ;
For proof, nay for a whisper, for a guess.

I know you have noted somewhat you can tell.

You shall have freedom too. And fear not torture :

For form 'tis needed for your evidence ;

But form—we know what's form ; I swear you're
safe.

It shall not match the pricking of a thorn.
The plot was cruel, devilish, dangerous :
I know you loathe it : you'll not hide a crime.
For the law's sake, religion's, not for gain's,
You show the share your master had in it.
Duty and profit's one.

Olym.

Klydone, come.

[*Exit Olymnios.*]

Ruf. Klydone, stay ; if that's thy pretty name.
My pretty sweet Klydone, take the gold.
Come, feel it, fold it in the rosy palms ;
So.

Klyd. Touch me not.

Ruf.

Only to give my gift.

So ; hold it fast now.

Klyd.

Gather what I have dropped :

And go.

Ruf. Be gentler, come. Make me thy friend ;
'Tis worth thy while, Now tell me——

Klyd.

Go, base tool.

Go when I bid thee. Wilt thou chaffer here ?
Chaffer with me for lies, with Myron's wife ?
Another word, another moment here,
And thou to-morrow shalt, in vain remorse,

Curse this to-day as evilest of thy life ;
He'll have thee so chastised.

Ruf. I'll go, I'll go.

Klyd. Follow thy men : the way is there.

[*Exit Klydone.*

Ruf. I'll go

I gain nought here. I'd soothe her if I could.
Her boast's belike so true that she sways Myron :
And if, as well 'tis like, he 'scapes to-day,
Till next time he's thrice darling and first feared :
And 'Sweet Lavinius, wreak my spite on Rufus,'
'Tis not Lavinius says 'Twas zeal for me,'
But 'Sweetest Myron, choose his penalty,
Only be sure thou choose it not too light.'
If I could soothe her. Good words will not do it :
No nor good gold. 'Base tool ! What, chaffer
here !
Lie down and lick my shoe ; I am Myron's wife.'

Re-enter TERTIUS.

T'ert. Dost thou not come ? We could not force
the door.

Ruf. What is that key ?

Tert. Olymnios, even now,
Has given it me : to spare us pains, he said.

Ruf. Aye, aye ; no need to make us more delays.
Few minutes were enough. That minx has triumphed.

[*Exeunt Tertius and Rufus.*

AFTERNOON.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter OLYMNIOS and KLYDONE meeting.

Kly. So soon returned ! Then all went well ?
Where's Myron ?

Olymn. Myron is at Euphranor's house.

Klyd. Discharged !

Olymn. Not yet. There's an adjournment till to-morrow :

While he revolves a certain thing they claim.

Meanwhile Euphranor, Nymphis, Phorion,
Are sureties for him on their lives and goods.

Klyd. Will he come home to-day ?

Olymn. Ere long, I think.

He is in argument, but 'twill not last.

He tires his counsellors.

Klyd. But tell me all.

How did he bear his part in the justice court ?

Did he speak bravely and convince ?

Olymn. He did.

If one there were that doubted ere he spoke

Him he convinced ; for all acclaimed him guiltless.

Klyd. And were there plaudits ?

Olymn. Thrice was silence called,

And vainly in the turmoil of assents.

But the chief burst was on one speech he made ;

His answer to that claim I told thee of.

Klyd. And yet the issue's left adjourned. 'Tis
strange.

What law need's that ? It cannot bode but well ?

Olymn. It bodes as Myron wills.

Klyd. Then he is safe ?

Olymn. If he so will. Perchance. Klydone,
mark me.

Against him there's his name upon that list,

Then some hired tittle-trash, too ill contrived ;

It set the very judges laughing out :

The danger from the list has lost its edge,

Being so well affronted and in time :

Lavinius dares not doom him save on proof.

Klyd. I bless thee, Hera !

Olymn. Child, I had not done.

On proof, I say. And Myron gives the proof.

Klyd. He gives the proof ?

Olymn. He had said ; and all seemed said.

The judges paled perplexed, and knit their brows,
And murmured counselling ; then their primate rose :
' We have made ' he said ' full inquest in this case ;
We find suspicions ; aye most grave suspicions ;
Yet none—'tis not that we would screen the guilty—
None are there justice may allow for guilt.
Myron has come to us, no prisoner,
No man attainted, but, as innocent,
Asking our hearing. We have tested him,
Both him and his accusers ; can we more ?
'Tis not to favour him we end this cause,
But to prolong is to prolong vain wrangles,
Is to bring charge of shamelessness on our court.
These that have heard with us, these hundreds here,
Acclaimed him innocent ; we can no less.'
At that, while still he would have spoken more,
Urging his own defence to absent ears,
One strode in haste from forth a whispering knot,
I know not who, a Roman newly come,

And 'I' he cried 'who know the part he bore,
Arraign this plotter, on my oath, of treason.
I claim of him the witness of his slaves.'

Klyd. Go on, I listen.

Olymn. With no more than ears?

Klyd. What should I guess? This peril seems
not great.

His slaves know nought to harm; and, if they did,
Would not one harm him.

Olymn. Aye, but what harms them?

Thou know'st slave's witness counts not, save with
torture.

Klyd. Ah heaven, poor souls! And is that
claimed?

Olymn. It is.

And thus is Myron trapped: for he refuses.

Klyd. But to refuse—I thought it could not be.

Olymn. It can as pleading guilty can, or flight.

The accuser can require, the case being treason,
The slaves, or any slave, of him he taints:
The accused can hold them back. But that denial,
Klydone, is held voucher of his guilt.

Klyd. And he refused?

Olymn. In language for a man.

All creatures that were his were in his trust ;
He had his master's duty and would do it ;
He would not give his horses to such mercies,
Far less the human friends that filled his home.
And then he passed to such a moving speech,
So strong, so pitiful for his poor goods,
Who, ignorant even of his innocence,
Must pay the useless penalty of their witness,
That, for shame's sake, the accuser narrowed play :
'Twas formally, he said, he spoke of all,
Meaning but two, Myron's known confidants ;
Them, with the judge's leave, to end dispute,
He named and asked for, and forewent the rest.

Klyd. Oh father ! Thou art one.

Olymn. What then ? Be stil

Am I a lap-child unaware of hurts ?
Or a soft girl fed upon sweets and love ?
If thou must gasp for that, small help's in thee
We'll talk no more.

Klyd. Nay do. Tell me the other

Is it his reader, Bion ?

Olymn. Wherefore he ?

Who but thyself, as is most natural ?
Art scared again ?

Klyd. Not I. And thou dost mock :
They take not women's witness.

Olymn. Save in treason.
They quoted cases. And they need thee, child.
Canst thou not see thou'rt their chief implement ?
Me Myron might perchance be brought to yield ;
Not thee, his published bride.

Klyd. But I could bear it.

Enter MYRON.

Oh Myron ! Myron ! [*clings to him.*]

Myr. Dear, enough ; be calmed.
What, will no kisses dry these rivulets ?
This is ill welcome home, and I need smiles.
Come, love, thou has learnt hard news, forget it next.
What's left us of to-day must know nought sad.
Be merry with me now ; sing me sweet songs
That take the soul with undefined delight,
Like spring's invisible breath before she comes.
We'll hold our feast to-night, though it be changed.
It shall be vowed to my departing fortune,
Treating her like a prized regretted guest
Whom at farewell we feast and honour more,
And so we make more fond to come again.

Klyd. To come again ! Is not thy life at stake ?

Myr. So are all lives at stake, from hour to hour.

Klyd. If thou didst ever love me, tell me truth :
Will they not make thee die ?

Myr. I think they will.

And, dear, make not death sorrowful by thy grief :
Nor change thyself with tears ; I need thy beauty.

Klyd. Myron, give us for witness. Oh, I am
strong ;

I can be like my father. What is pain ?
Hundreds bear pains for nought and yet forget them :
Ours would buy pricelessness, ours, by their worth,
Would be our joy in the very agony.

Myr. Dear child, it cannot be.

Klyd. 'Tis for our sakes :
For mine. Nay, Myron, kill me, if thou'lt die.

Myr. Thou dost not know thou art cruel. Hark,
the thrush !

How the full rills of sound gush clamorous sweet :
He'll have no secret of his happiness.
Dost know his gay song's burden ? 'Tis 'Now,'
'Now.'

'Now, now, and now ' it says and sings in the sun.
'Tis a wise happy creature. Rains will come,

Windy to-morrows, and the year's chill end,
But he'll not bate of Now to ask what's next.
'Tis a wise happy creature, my Klydone.

Klyd. Thou'lt let us save thee? Promise. Myron,
yes?

Oh hush, thou shalt not speak to say me no.

Myr. Then thou shalt speak. Tell me, I know
not yet,

How went it when my would-be captors entered?
Looked they not like the fox when Partlet flew?

Klyd. They fumed. Thou'lt let us save thee.

Olymn. 'Twere the best.

I have weighed it, Myron : not as has this child,
Moved by her passion. Death's not much to dread :
Not come 'tis nought, like any by-and-by ;
Come 'tis nought too, as all is nought that's past.

Klyd. But life is sweet, death is its ending.

Olymn.

Yes ;

Its ending, like the river's in the sea :

The river ceases and grows infinite.

Myron, thy death that brings thee little ill,

Breeds many ills for many : there's my reason.

Thy harmless wealth will be crime's instrument ;

Thy lordships tyrannies ; thy dues extortions ;

Thy slaves, thy clients, friends that hang on thee,
All that had good in thee, are left despoiled.
And those shall feel the goads of pitiless lords,
And these shall be crushed out, thy name their guilt.
So, when the woodman's axe has cleft the elm,
Meek ivies perish and the unnoted moss.

Myr. Alas ! 'tis true.

Olymn. Therefore I bid thee live.

Klyd. And see, thou art debtor to us for our freedom ;

To me for more : and wilt thou forfeit faith ?

Ah, think ; take heed for us ; be the choice ours :

Better some present pain than that long loss.

Myr. Nay, love, thou woorest me to a shameless deed ;

And thou, Olymnios.

Olymn. No. Were't but for thee,

But for the brute's poor greediness of life,

Thus were the deed a shameless. Not so now.

'Twere a diviner courage than to die

To front the shame and sorrow.

Myr. If that be courage,

Then have I none. I am no more than man.

Klyd. Nay——

Myr. Hush, oh hush. I cannot bear it more.
Klydone to the torture ! Gods in heaven !

Enter EUPHRANOR.

Euphr. Myron, I am ambassador of some words
Which, when thou hast heard them, count as never
said ;

Dreamed in a warning by thy secret brain.

Myr. I will not utter them.

Euphr. We trust these two.
Lavinius sent for me. He made long talk,
Revolving like a lapwing to his goal.

Myr. I have ever found him frank.

Euphr. With nought to hide.
So is the fox no feigner, far from game.
He pitied thee ; he was angry at thy guilt :
He loved thee ; 'twas well known thou had'st bribed
thy judges ;

He could not let thee die ; treason must fall.
He had his duty, his own life was risked,
His favour with the emperor, his honour.
But Myron was his friend. And then he wept.
But ever when I spoke for thee he raged,
Chafed like the tiger whom his keepers tease

That, while he sniffs his portion on their spike,
Snatch it again behind the baffling bars.

Myr. I'd liefer thou had'st spared thine arguments,

His purpose being so set as all has shown.
Such checks are like strewn rocks amid a stream,
Whereat it rears, and bursts in headlong wrath,
Tearing the patient shores. Why didst thou fret
him ?

I am past help, and it may peril thee.
For my sake please him, win not his mistrust ;
Make me not beggar of my latest hope.

Klyd. What hope ? Oh, say.

Myr. For thee, my fond Klydone,
And for Olymnios. I am too late :
The jealous law makes me but half your lord,
I cannot free you ; nor can you now fly,
That were sure capture. But when I am safe,
When vigilance is ended with its mark,
Then's breathing time : ere in this harried home
Rough janitors assume their hasty rule
And guard the dead man's spoils, seize the quick
moment,

Fly hence. 'Tis planned ; Euphranor has it in charge ;

Do but obey him blindly, point by point.
There is a valley hamlet in far Thrace,
Forgotten in the hills with scarce a name,
You'll reach through secret friends by secret ways ;
There lose your sorrows in a new safe home,
And think I made you free. Stay, let me end :
Lavinius will be master of my all,
Rome's forfeit and his prize. I have nought to leave ;
But our Euphranor had a loan of me,
So Nymphis, loans that, had they willed, were gifts,
And these, Olymnios, they'll repay to thee.
I cannot make you rich ; but yet 'twill serve :
Cares and cold want will not come near your lives.

Klyd. We will not go. We will not take thy gifts.
If thou wilt die, know thou hast left us slaves,
Sale cattle, playthings of thy murderers.
Safe home thou sayst ? Home is wherever *thou* art ;
If that's the grave, thou'lt drag me after thee,
Down to the loathed corruption.

Myr. My Klydone,
Has love such bitter words ?

Klyd. [*clings to him*]. Oh Myron ! Myron !

Euphr. My message is not given.

Myr. Say, if thou wilt.

Though sooth 'tis little worth to waste our ears :
Farewells and pity from Lavinius !
Why, we can laugh without them.

Euphr.

'Tis not that.

The man, I noted, has some modesty left,
Or else some fears ; he needs a show of guilt,
Needs it so keenly that, for thine avowal,
He'd take the silly risks that tyrant runs
Who lets his victim live.

Myr.

He said not that ?

Euphr. And yet he did ; but in a thousand words,
And none of them that spake it on the tongue :
And this he offers thee, thy choice of roads.
One shall be guarded in such wise to-night
That flying hoofs shall race with but the moon.
Here's his safe conduct, writ for a feigned name ;
Bear that name once thou art where thy face is
strange,

Till thou reach alien shores, safe, and an exile
But for the life he gives thee, this thy pledge,
(Which it is mine to have thee solemnly swear,)
Never to set thy foot again in Greece,
Never to seek redress nor say thou art wronged,
Never to harm Lavinius even by words.

Myr. Oh noble justice-lover ! 'Tis well planned.
I fly from judgment; that confesses guilt :
Attainder, forfeiture, are merely sequence :
My deed, and none of his. His bargain's good.
Good, if I can keep faith : but, if I can,
There's one poor hindering trifle he forgets.
Why ! Men are bound for me in life and goods.
Thou, Nymphis, Phorion.

Euphr. No ; he remembered.
He has made oath that we shall go unharmed.

Myr. I will not trust him. Phorion's not poor.

Euphr. 'Twere safe. He'd fear a published per-
jury.
'Twere safe.

Myr. Perchance. And, if 'twere no perchance,
Dishonour's over dear a price for life.

Euphr. Thou dost refuse ?

Myr. Is it Euphranor asks ?
I'll answer to my bail.

Euphr. Didst thou stand firm,
(As well I knew thou wouldst,) against this course,
Then was I bidden show a second. This :
If thou'lt plead guilty at to-morrow's trial,
Himself will go and hear thee from his throne :

Appeal to him for mercy, which he'll grant,
Showing thee lured to the conspiracy,
Not cognizant, maybe, of its utmost scope,
And now by thy submission showing fealty.
Thus he'll commute thy doom to banishment—
Thou pledged as I have told thee, and, he adds it,
If there beat that man's heart he thinks in thee,
Loving him for his venture for thy sake
To bare his loyalty to envious thrusts,
Letting a traitor to the emperor live.

Myr. My heart to that tune might beat out of
time.

Euphr. Let thy heart beat its will ; but let it beat.

Myr. Plead guilty ?

Euphr. In the form, to end the trial.

There are those have done it but for weariness.
The plea, but no confession. That he sought,
I told him thou'dst not so far yield : he yielded.

Myr. I take the incrimination of his speech.

Euphr. What matter? First : all know it rounded
air,

Film-blows to sail upon two sideway winds :
Guilty tracks off thy forfeit from his greed,
Half guilty shows his sentence not too lax.

'Tis to all hearers only his defence,
Not Myron's who but hears and bites his smiles.
Next : that accusal which has nought to shame,
A man in such a need may hear unchecked.
If he charge baseness, speak.

Myr. Wouldst thou do this ?

Euphr. I would.

Myr. Pledged never to see Greece ? Not thou.

Euphr. I would ; and live for Greece.

Myr. Aye, there it is :

Thou hast thy purpose like an inward sun
That floods all darkness with a summer hope ;
But I, it was my world that shone on me,
What shall I do in the dusk ? No ; best end now.
A lifelong stranger on unnatural earth,
Blind of these beautiful familiar hills,
These houses of my townsfolk, this curved sea
Where every rock that chafes the limpid blue
Bears the known name and face of early friends,
My dull ears wearied with sharp alien speech,
My heart sick for the lack of wonted ways :
That's exile. And there's penury to add ;
Cross, timid, counting, chaffering penury.
No. Te him no. I am too much a coward.

Klyd. He said he loved me.

• *Myr.* Dear, we needs should part :
Else well I know thou'dst give my life its joy,
Like one bright beam that, stealing through a chink,
Comes to a prisoner's dungeon and makes day.
Thy home is found ; but when shall I find mine ?
Nor realms nor rulers fondle banished men ;
And I should wander long in doubt and straits,
Bidden like a leper pass from bounds to bounds,
Ere I found place to starve in leisurely.
I could not drag a woman by my paths.

Klyd. She'll walk beside thee. Aye, and cheerily.
My goal shall be, not Thrace, but to reach thee.
Thou'llt do it, Euphranor ? Aye.

Euphr. 'Twere possible.

Klyd. Take some feigned name, some dress fit
for our purses :

Let's be pack pedlars till, in some fair spot,
We'll feign to have earned enough, and buy a home.
Or, if thou loathst too much such lowliness,
Nor canst observe disguise, we'll on and on,
Seeking no frosty welcome in Rome's shade,
Forth from her timorous vassals to her foes ;
Or where the unvexed nations know her not.

Euphr. She is more brave than thou.

Myr. In sooth she is.

But 'tis a singing lark meant for the plains,
That, since it can soar high in the smooth air,
Thinks it could house in the vulture's barren crags.

Klyd. Wilt never be in earnest, even now ?
No lark art thou, but a slight butterfly,
That folds its wings and ends at the first chills.

Myr. I am. So be content and let me cease ;
A kinder fate than brunting desolate winds.

Klyd. Oh, count nought desolate, save to be alone.
See all there is in life, all in dear love.
Wert exiled ; take the earth to be thy country.
Wert poor ; the poor have wealth that is their own :
Peace from the prying world, frank unrestraint,
The infinite liberty to be oneself.
And for those rich man's joys thou most dost prize,
Embodied breath of art, song taking shape,
Their secret is in thee that, seeing such,
Seest divinely, not as natural men
Whose fleshy souls see as the body sees.
That carry forth, and all where thou shalt pass,
Field, rock and wood, the town lands and the waste,
And faces that are human and can smile,

Shall in all strangeness wear familiarness,
And in all rudeness beauty. And what's hardship?
We two are young ; Olymnios fears no toils ;
We could fare hardly and be merry at it.
Dear, would not love be with us ? I with thee ?
Oh, dearest ; oh my husband ; love me more :
Trust me to fill thy life as thou dost mine
That has no power to know a joy apart
Nor lack it by thy side. We'll be together :
Howe'er it be, together. Promise, Myron.
Methinks—a god has told me in my heart—
Methinks that even to-day shall see thee cleared ;
If not—Oh live ! Promise me thou wilt live.
Promise thou wilt not part me from thy lot.

Myr. What says Olymnios to it? Could she bear
it ?

Olymn. I doubt her not for that. Couldst thou ?

Myr. I know not.

My thoughts float more like dreams. I am very tired.
They stole my noonday sleep, I'll have it now ;
Then think. Thou too, by thine own heart, old
friend,

Thou'dst liefer follow me ?

Olymn.

Be sure of that.

Myr. Well, I'll go sleep.

Euphr. Lavinius waits me back :

What must I say ?

Myr. Say I need time to choose :

Thou'llt bring reply after our feast to-night.

Euphr. I'll say I look to bring him Yes to-night.

[*Exit Euphranor.*

Myr. Stay, stay, Euphranor. Well, it binds me
not

I'll to my bedroom for the stiller rest.

Come thou, Olymnios, when 'tis scarce an hour :

No later ; every minute's gold to-day :

Gold that we'll lightly spend, my own Klydone,

Each to buy smiles. To-day has done with cares.

[*Exit Myron.*

A pause.

Klyd. He will not do it.

Olymn. Death's the easier way.

Klyd. Father.

Olymn. Child, speak.

Klyd. I dare not ask thee.

Olymn. Yes.

So is thy asking answered : I'll give witness.

Klyd. Not without me.

Olymn.

No ; for that were in vain.

But canst thou ?

Klyd.

I so love him.

Olymn.

Art thou sure ?

Pain's hard for velvet quick-nerved things like thee,

And fear's perchance yet harder.

Klyd.

I fear not.

I am thy daughter ; trust me, I'll endure.

Oh father come—since 'tis thy will to do it—

The day grows late.

Olymn.

Yes, it must be to-day :

Forestalling his response when, in the court,

At morn they'll once more claim to question both.

Klyd. And now to-morrow the attainder falls,

Its one base gone. Oh, I shall love my torture !

I thank thee, Hera, who hast heard my prayer.

Olymn. But, child—[*pauses*]*Klyd.*

Nay, linger not.

Olymn.

Child, were it vain.

Did they yet find some charge—

Klyd. [*interrupts.*]

And can they ?

Olymn.

Scarcely.

Klyd. And if they did, this much would be made
sure,

Myron, for price of what we have borne for him,
Must bear the exile and plead guilty for it.
What dost thou ponder still ?

Olymn.

'Tis best ; 'tis best.

Give me thine hand. Yes ; cool, and trembles not.
Well, come : time's scant.

Klyd.

How shall I thank thee, father ?

[*Exeunt Olymnios and Klydone.*]

EVENING.

SCENE I. *A banqueting hall in Myron's house*

Myr. So late ! The round sun hangs upon the
pine.

I bade Olymnios waken me in an hour :
Why has he let me sleep my day to eve ?
They have done my bidding here : the room's decked
well.

A fair gay sight. Here are Klydone's roses.
Ah ! when she chose them for our wreaths to-night,
They were to grace her glad enfranchisement,
And her one heaviest care, while, tenderly,
Her lithe hand sundered flower from younger flowers,
Was for, she thought, the gladder wedding morrow,
To leave it all its blossomy furnishings.

My poor fair darling ! Must I do her will,
Make that despairful compact, and then live ?
Live life so like what I have called to live
As breasting icily the wintered sea
To the smooth rush of buoyant unfelt limbs
Upborne through sunny waters as through air.
To pinch, and want, and grudge ; to shrink in holes ;
To breathe the air by favour, fawn, beg graces !
Bound to my exile, bound to never hope !
No bettering prayer to fortune left save this
To find my goal at some barbaric footstool,
Honoured to be a king-let's journeyman !
But yet Klydone.

[*Goes to a window.*] Here's an omen for me.

That purple butterfly circling o'er that vase,
Which of the wide gold lilies will he choose ?
The east one, that shall be Klydone's way ;
The west, Lavinus shall complete his work.
Now, light upon thy throne, thou bright-winged fate.

Enter LYSIS.

What is it, boy ?

Lys.

I did but look for thee.

Olymnios and Klydone, just returned,
Are seeking thee.

Myr. Am I so hard to find ?

Bid them come here. Stay, Lysis. Just returned :
And whence ?

Lys. I know not.

Myr. Stay ; thou art weeping ; why ?

Lys. Oh master ; is there hope ? We thought
'twas sure ;

Because thou badst us make thee festival.
And now Klydone weeps.

Myr. Take heart, my boy ;

Thou and Klydone are but in the spring,
The gusty east winds come, and beating showers,
Eut after there's still sap for leafy May.

Go ; say I am here. [*Exit Lysis.*

What ! Is the creature flown !

Gone while I looked away ! And here's Klydone.

Weeping, said Lysis : will she overcome ?

And, if she does, and shares my troubled days,
She'll weep the longer and the bitterer woe.

The dead ere long are mourned by tender smiles,
And she'd remember softly. Comes she not ?

It was her step. Klydone !

Why pause there,
Lifting the curtain with thy doubting hand ?

Enter KLYDONE.

Why dost thou stand and gaze ? Come to me, love.

Klyd. I dare not. Oh, farewell.

Myr. Stay, love ; come back.

Klyd. Myron. Oh make me speak.

Myr. And, prithee, do.

What words are these spring to thy quivering lips,
That cannot pass them ? Speak, Klydone, speak.
Child, what's thy horror ? I will name it for thee.
The querulous people shall not have again,
By my disputed trial, food for scandals,
Nor just Lavinius's just magistrates
Condemn in the obloquy of an open court :
They have bribed, or scared, their useless prisoner,
The loud fool Lysias who now pules for mercy,
To swear their lie at last and end my case.
Have I guessed ? And is the sentence come ?

Klyd. Not yet.

Myron, 'twas I that—[*pauses*].

Myr. Not these passionate tears.

My poor Klydone ! Dost thou love me so !

Klyd. 'Twas I betrayed thee : I !

Myr. What fancy's this ?

Enter OLYMNIOS.

Olymn. So, thou hast found him.

Klyd. 'Twas to save thee, save thee.

And then I said their will.

Olymn. She has said their will.

Forgive her, Myron : thou hadst spoiled the girl,

Thou and thy mother, in whose soft controls

She hath not known so much ungente need

As to walk northwards with the wind in face.

Blame me who, fool, because she is my child,

Thought she should be some such brave paragon

As courage makes some women, and love some ;

Who, fool, believed her for her eagerness,

Put her unproved, unpractised, to the touch,

And found her, what ? a wincing mindless babe,

A crouching thing distraught by pain, and faithless.

Myr. What hath she done ? 'Tis well, whate'er
it was.

Klyd. I thought to save thee.

Olymn. She has given witness,

Myr. Klydone !

Olymn. And, being quickly mad with pangs,
Has answered all their promptings as they would,
Joined on imaginings of her startled brain,
Signed thy direct accusal ; signed it twice.
For first, her scattered senses coming back,
Sudden she turned upon Lavinius ;
Snatching the murderous paper while he read,
She dashed upon it ' False : they made me mad ' ;
At that they tried again, she failed again ;
And then again, quit of the pain, was bold :
That time, be sure, they held the record tight :
They showed the thing she had signed, they threatened
her,
She answered staunchly, let them place her, then
She—

Klyd. [*breaks in*]. Myron ! Myron !

Myr. Dear, thou hast done thy best.
How couldst thou bear past nature ?

Klyd. I have killed thee!
Oh 'twas not I ! not I ! Voice passed my lips,
I meant it not, I knew not ; 'twas the pain.
Hate me not.

Myr. Love was but half love till now.
I love thee.

Klyd. Nay but hate me. Punish me.
Oh, give me some strange suffering for a doom :
Something that comes like answer for my crime,
That it may seem atonement. Make me perish.

Myr. Too much thou hast suffered for my sake
poor child.
And 'twas ill done, Olymnios.

Olymn. As it seems.
If we had saved thee, she had had most gain :
Alone I could not.

Klyd. Chide not him, who's blameless ;
He bore and smiled and spoke no word.

Myr. Thou too ?

Olymn. How else, when both were claimed ?

Myr. Oh friend, oh friends !

Olymn. We have borne but some brief pain.
There are worse ills.

Klyd. So brief a pain ! So little harmless pain !
And to betray thee for it ! For so little !
'Tis past ; I am not hurt ; they spared me even :
I heard Lavinius buzz in my very ear,
'Ware with her, butcher, see thou mar her not.'

Olymn. He could wring her and not mar ; he has
good skill.

And yet 'tis true they went not past their need :
Not to the utmost pangs.

Myr. Some comfort there.

And thou ?

Olymn. Not even on me their worst was wreaked :
Or scarcely long. Lavinius seems not cruel ;
Gaining his end by her, he ceased, content,
And let my stubbornness go.

Klyd. Because it balked him :
He could not make thee base.

Myr. Nor thee, nor thee.
Sweet my true brave Klydone, there's a tale,
Thou know'st it, that the eagle, whose high gaze
Fronts to the living flame of sun, grows blind :
And, tell me, is his blindness the vile bat's
That keeps his eyes for blinking through the mirk ?
Or should the brisk orbs of the incessant fly,
Being undazzled, prove more nobleness ?
The eagle saw the sun, therefore is blind.
Thy heart had eagle's eyes. I hold thee blameless
Klyd. Then let me die with thee.

Enter EUPHRANOR, RUFUS, TERTIUS and
Soldiers.

Oh gods ! 'Tis come.

Myr. What is it, Euphranor ?

Ruf. 'Tis my charge, not his

Thou art to die.

Myr. And how ?

Ruf. That's at thy choice.

If thou wilt end thyself, why do it. Read this.

Myr. Thy warrant ? Yes, 'tis clear enough. What
else ?

Ruf. Thou seest 'tis for this evening.

Myr. I have seen

I will not trouble thee for thy service, friend.

Ruf. Nor I will force it on thee 'gainst thy will.

If thou need help, we are here.

Klyd. Oh, murderers

Ruf. Oh no, no murderers, madam Myron's
wife,

Whose hearty haste has beaten Time's best legs,
And made thee ere the wedding Myron's widow ;
We're but staunch men to see the law obeyed,
Just sure allies to end thine own good work.

Myr. Silence ! And now, Olymnios, lead them
hence :

Let them have food and wine.

Ruf. There's no escape ;

The house is sieged all round it.

Myr. Aye, no doubt :

Therefore go take thine ease an hour or two.

Ruf. Well night's still far. But—

Myr. Yes, yes ; never fear.

Olymn. Come.

[*Exit Olymnios with Rufus, Tertius and soldiers.*]

Euphr. Hope's all done. I have leave to say
farewell.

Myr. Grieve less, Euphranor ; 'tis a kindly word,
At worst a lullaby, and, as some think,
God-speed to one who goes a happy road.

Klyd. I will go with thee.

Myr. With thy hate of death,

Thy shuddering sickness at the very name ?

Nay, nay. Live, dearest, live for love of me.

I will not have thy beauty hide so soon ;

That were to sadden me, as to dream in death

That earth grew barren of its leaves and flowers

And after me showed but a hideous waste ;

Falling asleep I shall need thought of thee,
Thee living, beautiful.

Euphr. Live to avenge him.

Klyá. I ! I avenge him ! Then upon myself.
Euphranor, dost thou know ?

Myr. Be sure he does,
And pities thee. Thou art worse wronged than I.

Euphr. Would that my voice could, like a thunderous peal,

Roll to all worlds the wrong, be it hers or thine,
Startle the peoples, who, like crouching beasts
Feared of the keepers' whips, hate and obey,
To one wild spring of self-abandoning rage—
Omnipotent self-abandoning rage—'twere ended.
Rome should not rise again. That's vain : but hear
me,

I cannot save thee, Myron ; my poor power,
Yet in the birth hour, has nor grasp nor blows :
I have shaped a score of schemes—Clouds in the
wind.

I cannot. Therefore I still go demure,
Unconscious thrall, born naturally to bonds,
And that my friend must perish, 'tis by law,
That I have leave to mourn him, 'tis by mercy :

Lavinius 'tis well known, is merciful.
If for Achaia, for Achaia's hope,
I have lived these years, and live and show a smile,
So surely will I, striking soon for her,
Strike in thy memory, take that for partner.
I'll make thy name our shout of liberty ;
And thine, poor sweet Klydone.

Myr.

Nay, not that.

I need not vengeance for mine epitaph.
Let Greece go peaceful ; freedom, as thou meanst it,
Being past any reach like yesterday ;
Let Greece go peaceful ; so, as the still earth
Gashed with the flame and earthquake, and uprent,
Rests, and the shattered ruins take new strength,
And harvests come, and homesteads in the groves,
And the spent crater's lake calls down clear heavens,
So in such change may Greece renew herself.

Klyd. And keep a waiting while for crimes like
this !

No, no ! but bid Euphranor speed and strike.
Were I a man I'd do it, live for that,
Drive out the tyranny and—Oh needless taunt !
'Tis true ! 'tis true ! I to dare speak of ventures !

Myr. How now, poor child, what taunt ?

Klyd. Euphranor smiled.

Euphr. Nay, trust me better. If I partly smiled,
'Twas noting what a mocking bird is love,
That in changed transports mimics every tune ;
To hear thee bid me strike at tyrannies !
I smiled at the new note—and could have wept.

Myr. When shall they fly, she and Olymnios ?

Euphr. To-night were surest ; but——

Myr. But ?

Euphr. Were it to-night,
Needs must I hasten and take order for it.

Myr. So shall I lose thee sooner than the last.
I am loth for that ; as thou art. And yet go.
To-morrow their new lord might hale them home,
Or guard them close, or send them to the mart.
They must not lose to-night.

Euphr. Count on to-night.

Myr. 'Twill work ?

Euphr. 'Tis like there'll be loose watch — or
none :

That so, 'twill work. They'll be past trace ere dawn.

Myr. Then, oh true friend, remembering this
farewell

Think thou hast left me happy.

Euphr.

Friend, farewell.

I have no words : I

[*Exit Euphranor.*]*Myr.*

So the end begins.

Would there were no farewells.

Klyd.

We will have none.

Myr. What saidst thou, sweet ?*Klyd.*

We will have no farewell.

Myr. Didst hear my thought ? I knew not that
I spake.

Dear, I have watched the stars, that dawn o'ertook,
Shine on and then be lost, as unawares,
Rapt into light, and their waned shapes left void ;
And I have thought death should so stilly come,
Dimmed by no tremulous shadows, presageless,
No sadder than a passing into day.
'Thou art right, we'll no farewells.

Klyd.

I meant not that.

No ; take me hand in hand.

Myr.

Ask it no more.

Klyd. Thou art but cruel thus to bid me live.*Myr.* Be patient ; sorrows pass, pass like rough
rains

That break the summer flowers and, breaking them,
Have left their room for later germs to bud.

Perchance new love may—Kiss me, my Klydone ;
I had a thing to say ; remember it :
If afterwards, if, when thy scathed heart rests,
It some day wakens at a second voice,
Wed not thyself to barren memory,
Nor bury love with me. I bid thee live,
And in that bidding bid thee take all life.
Vow me no tears of desolate widowhood
To make my name thy tyrant. Rather, love,
In some fair future think ‘ He willed it so.’

Klyd. Fair future !

Myr. Doubt not. Come, I’ll prophesy :
’Tis as Euphranor’s wife.

Klyd. Euphranor !

Myr. Yes.

There’s that now trembles in his voice to thee,
Looks in his eyes, that was not there at morn.
He has loved thee in an hour past all forgetting ;
That love will hold, Klydone. And, for thee,
Thou’lt love him for my sake ; then for his own.
Speak not ; I know thine answer, thou’lt not think
it :

Pledge me no No nor Yes : do but remember.
And now, dear, tell me : I’ll but fall asleep

And then not waken : couldst thou, till by stealth
The drowsy vapours first weigh down my lids
And I forget to answer, sit by me,
Talk of sweet days together, early tales
When we were children or how love began ;
Then let the last I know be thy last kiss,
And leave me to my slumber ?

Klyd.

I will do it.

Myr. Go then, sweet love, and rest. I'll have
thee fetched.

Klyd. Thou art sure ?

Myr.

I promise. In perchance an hour

I'll go prepare, note some poor legacies—

If maybe any heed shall come of them

By my despoilers' charity to the dead.

'Twill not be longer. Send Olymnios to me.

[Exeunt Myron and Klydone.]

EVENING.

SCENE II. *The banquet hall lighted up. Soft music playing without. A bed placed in an alcove among flowers.*

Enter MYRON, OLYMNOS, RUFUS, LYSIS *and*
others.

Myr. Move me that jasmine further from the
bed :

The perfume's sweetest coming faint through air.
That's well. And shut the nearest casement close :
The breeze is almost chill. Throw that one wide :
Let waking stars peep at their mimics here.
Now, Rufus, art thou ready ?

Ru..

'Tis art thou ?

Myr. Give me the cup, good Lysis. Pure wine
first.

I drink to the Good Genius [*drinks*]-whom, perchance,

I shall know presently by some nearer name.

Now Lysis, that blent wine whose name is Sleep.

[*Drinks.*

[*To Rufus.*] So, thou hast seen me drink, and knowst what draught,

Who sawst it mixed ; no need methinks to watch.

Go, prithee, try again my vintage wine :

I doubt thou wilt not ask to taste *this* brew.

Ruf. No, faith ! my thirst can wait a wholesomer tap.

I am sorry for thee too.

Myr.

Well, go, my man ;

Thou canst come by-and-by and see 'twas sure.

[*Exeunt all but Myron, Olymnios and Lysis.*

Now quick, boy ; fetch Klydone. [*Exit Lysis.*] 'Tis most strange.

How death, that is of all we know most sure,

Of all we know seems most impossible.

I shall not live an hour ; my mind grants that,

But grants it as a stage of argument,

Gives it but such belief as when, being told

'So many fathomless miles to reach that star,'

We learn the count unquestioning it for true,
But cannot shape conception of its reach.
I cannot, quick life still within my veins,
I cannot feel a faith that, presently,
My cold oblivious body shall lie there,
Void of the soul, an ended nothingness.

Olymn. Thou art too young, and death unnatural.

Myr. Klydone thinks all death unnatural.

Olymn. If nature stood for perfectness, it were.
And therein is the better after-hope :
For perfectness must be, since we conceive it
And, not being here, 'tis in some second life.

Myr. I'll think my soul shall, like the sunward
swallows,
Having known but summer here, renew it there.
Klydone comes not.

Olymn. That's for want of wings.

Myr. I would she had them, to flee hence and
rest.
'Tis a wild long journey. Ah poor child, poor child !
May the gods send her happy.

Olymn. If they will
Pray rather they may send her as is best

Myr. Let her not brood upon my death too
much

And most of all persuade her from remorse ;
Tell her 'twas destined, had she never spoken ;
Hush her from her own blame till, by-and-by,
It takes the strangeness of unworded thoughts
That fade like bodiless ghosts beyond our ken.

Olymn. No, Myron. Self-blame's a shrewd coun-
sellor ;

I will not help Klydone from that good.

Myr. She is such a woman as some griefs could
kill.

Olymn. Better to die by an ennobling grief
Than to live cheerful in too low content.

Myr. But spare her ; if it be but for my sake.

Olymn. Whom dost thou ask ? I spare not nor
chastise ;

That's God's to do, who makes our self his means :
Her sorrowing or her comfort lie in her.

Enter LYSIS.

Lys. Klydone, Sir, Klydone—[*Stops*].

Myr. Comes she not ?
Tell her to make more speed, for I grow heavy.

Lys. She comes ; she bade them carry her ; she's half dead.

Myr. I am awake, I think. Say it again.
Half dead ?

Lys. She took the poison at due time,
She said 'twas at due time by thine own count,
She said thou shouldst have called her in an hour
And she was ready then, but 'twas too long,
More than an hour, and so she must go first,
That did but mean to follow thee afterwards.

Olymn. Well, 'tis her right.

Myr. Is it a message, boy ?

Lys. She said it by gasps ; then bade me, if she died,

Tell it thee for her and thou'dst know, and pardon.
She is coming.

Myr. She go first ! Klydone die !
Olymnios, hast thou heard ?

Olymn. I blame her not ;
Nor weep her going with thee. 'Tis the best.

Myr. I would have had her live : she hated death.
But we go hand in hand, husband and wife.
Lysis, go bid them hasten, lest she sleep,
Or I, past waking, ere she come to me.

Enter Servants carrying KLYDONE on a couch.

A. Servant. 'Tis over. She still breathed a minute since ;

But now 'tis over.

2nd Serv. 'Twas but just 'Too soon !'

As if she sighed in sleep ; then only breathed,

And now 'tis over.

Myr. Oh how fair she lies !

She should have kept that smile to look on me.

Sweet, canst thou see me still ? How fair she is !

Smile on, Klydone, death has wedded us.

Wife, wilt thou love me there, whither we go ?

[Exit Olymnios.]

Lys. Master, she stirred.

Myr. 'Twas but my breath, my boy,

That moved that straying gossamer of her hair.

[To the servants] Come, lift her gently, lay her on the bed.

So.

Olymn. *[without].* Both ! oh, both !

A Servant. Hark ! 'Twas a fall. Go see.

[Exeunt some servants.]

Myr. Where is Olymnios ?

Re-enter a Servant.

What's the noise we heard ?

Serv. Olymnios, master.

Myr. Yes ?

Serv. He died, and fell.

Myr. When sorrow swells these iron-pent hearts
they break.

Go, all of you. Keep stillness, wake me not.

I have room beside thee, love. [*Lies down on the bed.*]

Go now, my friends.

Lysis ; not thou. Sit where I do not see thee,

Send hence that music, and thou, sing me asleep.

Is it moonlight yet ?

Lys. Yes.

Myr. Throw the curtains back.

Put out those lights. Now sing until I sleep.

[*Exeunt servants.*]

No dirges, boy ; that song Klydone loved,

Philomel and the aloe flower, sing that.

Lys. [*sings*].

Joy that's half too keen, and true,
Makes us tears.

Oh ! the sweetness of the tears !

If such joy at hand appears,

Snatch it, give thine all for it :
Joy that is so exquisite,
Lost, comes not new.
(One blossom for a hundred years.)

Grief that's fond, and dies not soon,
Makes delight.
Oh ! the pain of the delight !
If thy grief be Love's aright,
Tend it close and let it grow :
Grief so tender not to know
Loses Love's boon.
(Sweet Philomel sings all the night.)

Myr. [*drowsily*]. Fair dreams, Klydone. Waken
me at dawn.

[*Sleeps.*

Errata.

Page 30, after *bay and town*, supply MYRON *asleep on a couch*.

„ 70, „ *a banqueting hall in Myron's house*, supply next
line *Enter MYRON*.

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